

Classical
COMICS



Jane Eyre

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL
Charlotte Brontë

Original Text

QuickText



New Title Information

Classical Comics Ltd., PO Box 7280, Litchborough, Towcester NN12 9AR. Tel: 0845 812 3000
Fax: 0845 812 3005 Email: info@classicalcomics.com www.classicalcomics.com

Title: Jane Eyre: The Graphic Novel
Sub title: Quick Text
Publisher: Classical Comics Ltd
Author: Charlotte Bronte

ISBN: 978-1-906332-08-2

Contributors: *Script Adaptation:* Amy Corzine
Artwork: John M. Burns
Lettering: Terry Wiley
Design & Layout: Jo Wheeler
Editor in Chief: Clive Bryant

Brief description of the book:

This Charlotte Bronte classic is brought to vibrant life by artist John M. Burns. His sympathetic treatment of Jane Eyre's life during the 19th century will delight any reader with its strong emotions and wonderfully rich atmosphere. Travel back to a time of grand Victorian mansions contrasted with the severest poverty and immerse yourself in this love story.

Key sales points:

- **REDUCED DIALOGUE FOR EASIER READING.**
- Full colour graphic novel format wonderfully illustrated by legendary artist John M. Burns.
- Meets UK curriculum requirements.
- Teachers notes/study guides for KS2/KS3 available.

Publisher information:

Classical Comics is a new UK publisher creating graphic novel adaptations of classical literature. True to the original vision of the author, the book has been further enhanced by using only the finest artists - giving you a truly wonderful reading experience that you'll return to again and again.

Edition: First
Series: One of two versions available - Original Text and Quick Text
Pub Date: September 2008
Classification: General Fiction, FNS, FNG
Price: £9.99 **Format:** Paperback
Size: 246mm x 168mm **Pages:** 144 pages
Age range: General
Illustrations: 132 pages of full colour graphic novel style illustrations.

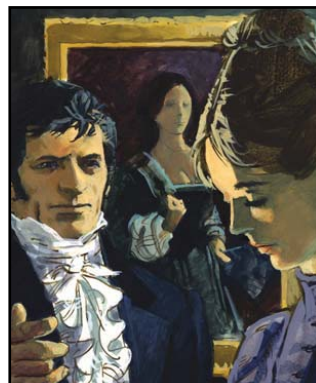
Reviews:

"Classical Comics, spearheaded by Clive Bryant hopes to continue a long tradition of top quality new work crafted using the finest artists, aiming to "bring a truly wonderful reading experience."

www.downthetubes.net April 2007

"...the comic book will inspire adults as well as young people to read the original work. The novel will draw them into the England of two centuries ago, and inspire them to contemplate ideas such as the nature of love and religion, and whether our spiritual consciousnesses are inextricable from Nature and each other. Nothing stimulates debate so well as a good story."

<http://bronteparsonage.blogspot.com> October 2007



~ PROLOGUE ~

NORTHERN ENGLAND IN THE
EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

WITH MY **SISTER**
AND HER **HUSBAND**
DEAD, WE MUST LOOK
AFTER THEIR **CHILD**



ONE YEAR
LATER...

DEAR WIFE,
PLEASE PROMISE ME
TO RAISE JANE EYRE
AS ONE OF OUR OWN
CHILDREN



I WILL, HUSBAND.





~ CHAPTER I ~

NINE YEARS
LATER...

IT'S
TOO COLD TO
TAKE A WALK
TODAY.



KEEP YOUR
DISTANCE,
JANE - UNTIL
I'VE HEARD FROM
NURSEMAID
BESSIE...



I
LIKE BESSIE'S
STORIES...



... THAT YOU ARE BEING WELL BEHAVED...



...I MUST
EXCLUDE YOU
FROM THINGS THAT
ARE ONLY FOR
HAPPY LITTLE
CHILDREN.



WHAT HAVE
I DONE?

HOW
DARE YOU
QUESTION
ME!

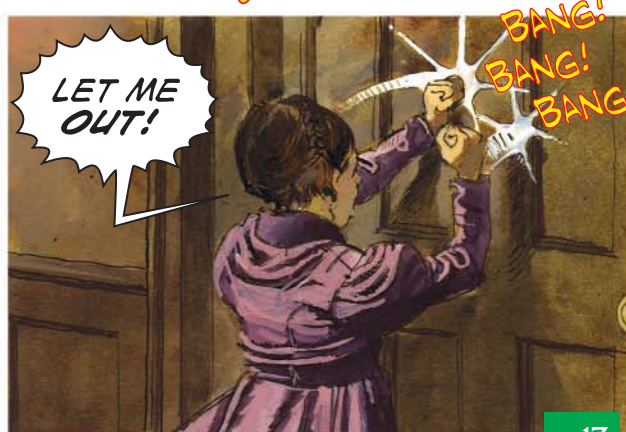


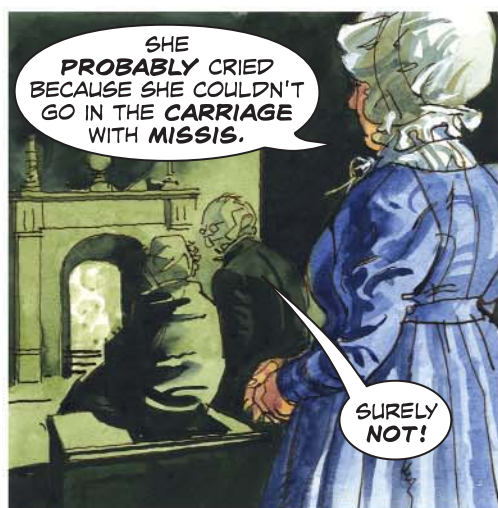
GO AND
SIT QUIETLY
SOMEWHERE.

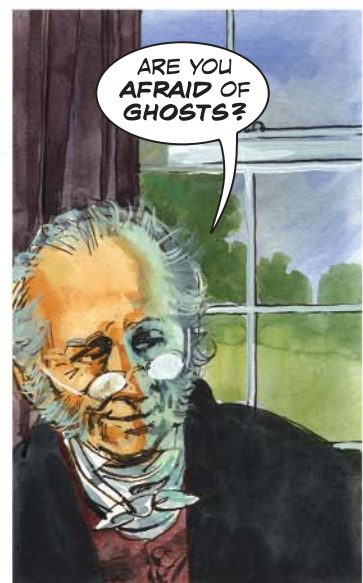




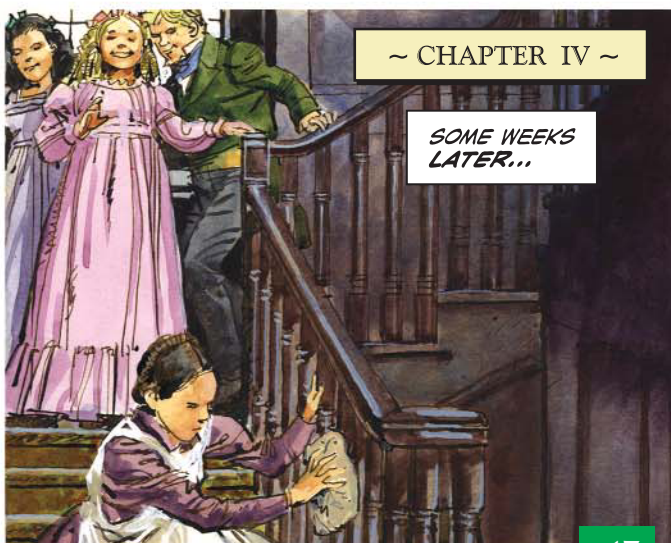


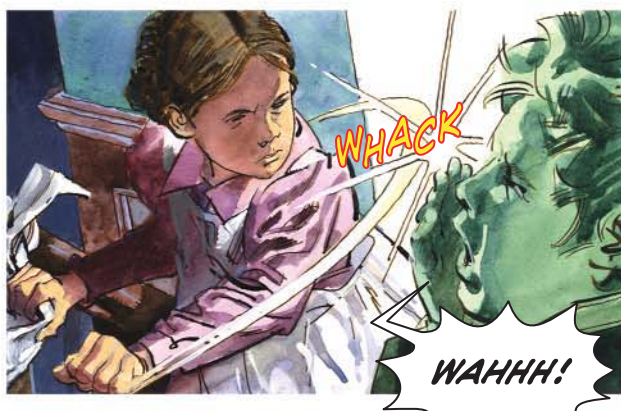


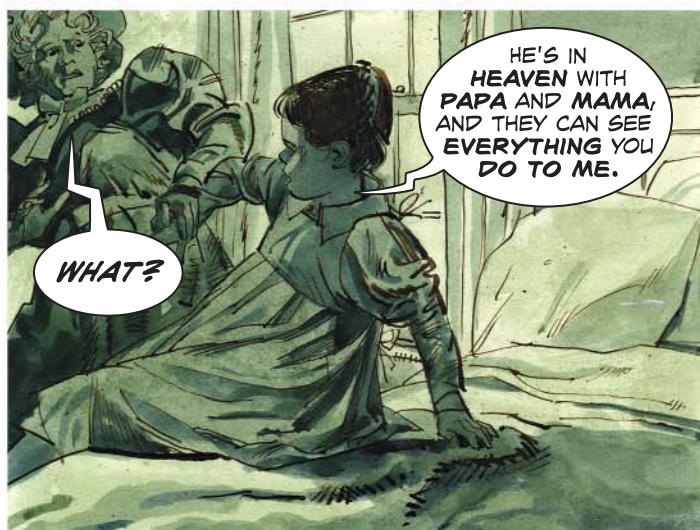


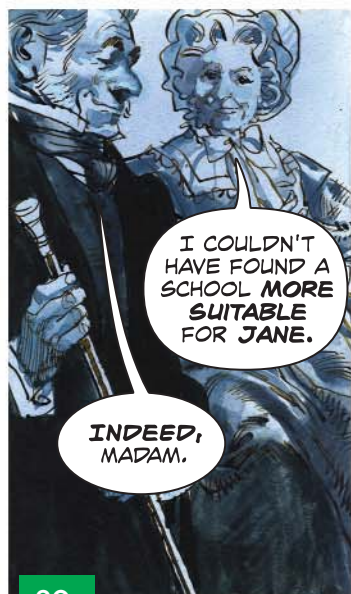
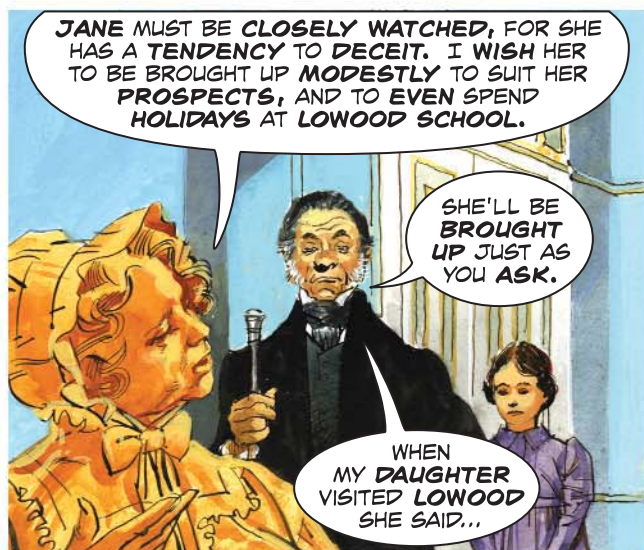
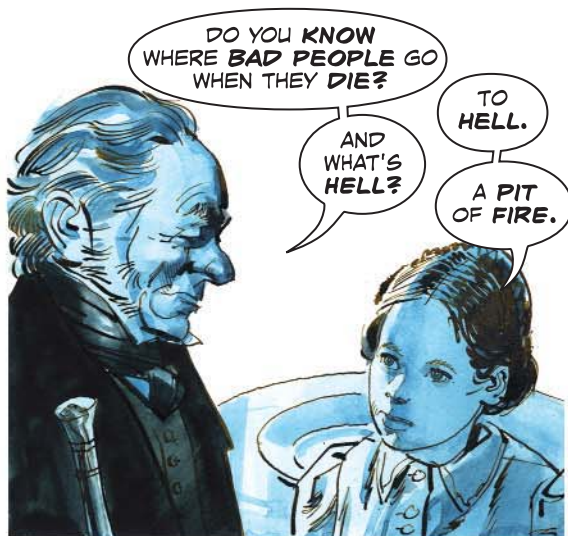
















I WILL
INDEED
SEND HER
TO SCHOOL
SOON.



I STOOD THERE,
HAPPY I'D WON
THE ARGUMENT.
BUT MY PLEASURE
DIDN'T LAST LONG...



...A CHILD CAN'T
ARGUE WITH AN
ADULT WITHOUT
FEELING GUILTY.



THAT AFTERNOON, BESSIE TOLD
ME STORIES AND SANG SONGS,
WHICH MADE ME FEEL BETTER



WON'T YOU
BE SORRY TO
LEAVE ME?

YOU'RE ALWAYS
SCOLDING ME.



BECAUSE
YOU'RE SHY
AND NEED TO
STAND UP FOR
YOURSELF.

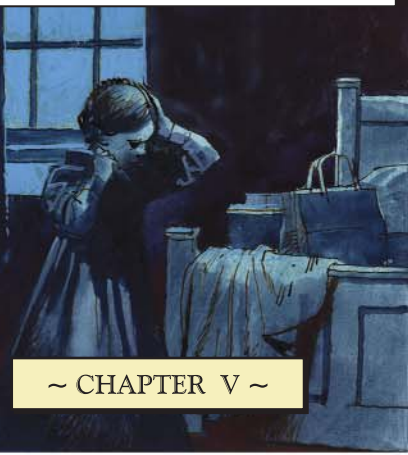
WHY? TO
GET INTO MORE
TROUBLE?



NONSENSE!

EVEN FOR ME, LIFE HAD ITS
GLEAMS OF SUNSHINE.

EARLY IN THE MORNING OF THE 19TH. OF JANUARY, BESSIE CAME INTO MY ROOM, WHILE I WAS DRESSING.



~ CHAPTER V ~

WILL YOU SAY GOODBYE TO MRS. REED?

SHE SAID I NEEDN'T **DISTURB** HER OR MY **COUSINS**, AND TO TELL PEOPLE SHE WAS MY **BEST FRIEND**.



WHAT DID YOU SAY?

NOTHING.

THAT WAS **WRONG**.

IT WAS **RIGHT, BESSIE!** SHE IS MY **ENEMY**.



GOODBYE TO GATESHEAD!



WE TRAVELLED ALL DAY



I AWOKE WHEN WE STOPPED

JANE EYRE?

YES







AFTER THE MEAL AND PRAYERS, I WAS TAKEN TO BED.



WE WERE WOKEN BY A LOUD BELL.



YUK!
THE PORRIDGE IS
BURNT AGAIN!

SILENCE!



WHY IS
EVERYONE
STANDING?

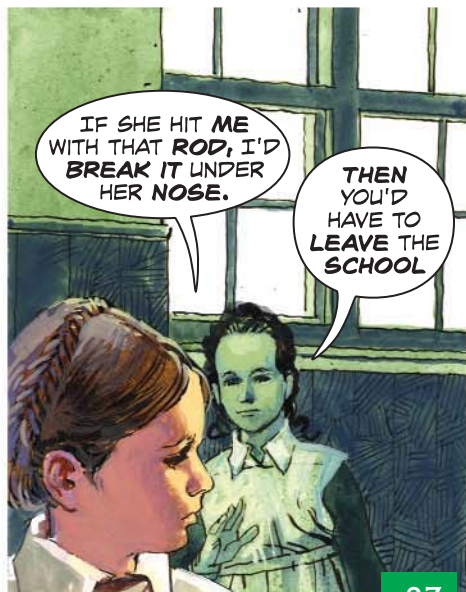
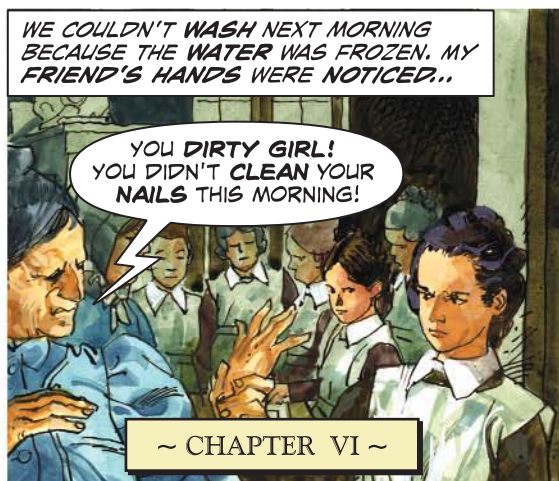
IT WAS MISS TEMPLE



YOU
COULDN'T EAT
YOUR BREAKFAST
THIS MORNING, SO
YOU'LL HAVE BREAD
AND CHEESE
FOR LUNCH.

WE'RE
HAVING
LUNCH!









WOULDN'T YOU BE **HAPPIER**
IF YOU **FORGOT** THE WAY **MRS.**
REED TREATED YOU?...



LIFE'S TOO SHORT
TO **HATE**. WE ALL HAVE
FAULTS, BUT **SOON** OUR
BODIES WILL **DIE** AND OUR
GOOD SPIRITS WILL
CARRY ON **LIVING**.



I CAN **FORGIVE** THE
CRIMINAL BUT **HATE** THE **CRIME**.
I LIVE **PEACEFULLY**, LOOKING
TOWARDS THE **END**.



~ CHAPTER VII ~

MY **FIRST TERM** AT **LOWOOD**
WAS A **STRUGGLE**...



...WE WEREN'T FED ENOUGH...



...SO THE OLDER
GIRLS WOULD STEAL
FOOD FROM US
YOUNGER ONES.



ONE AFTERNOON,
THREE WEEKS
AFTER ARRIVING
AT LOWOOD,
CAME THE
MOMENT I HAD
DREADED ...



...I WAS SURE MR BROCKLEHURST WOULD TELL MISS
TEMPLE THE BAD THINGS MRS. REED SAID ABOUT ME.



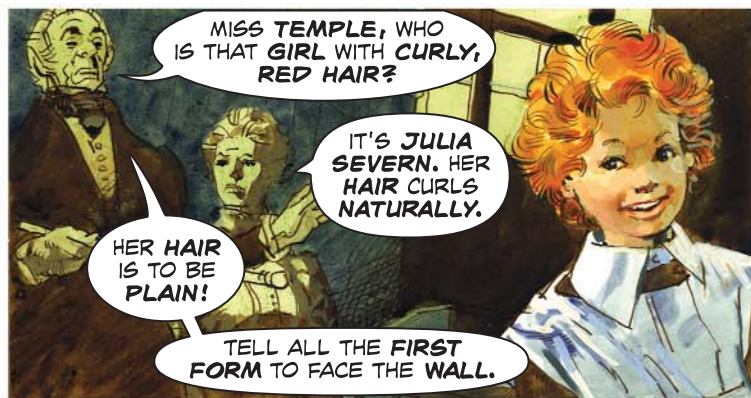
...SHE
MUSTN'T
GIVE MORE
THAN ONE
NEEDLE
TO EACH
PUPIL...

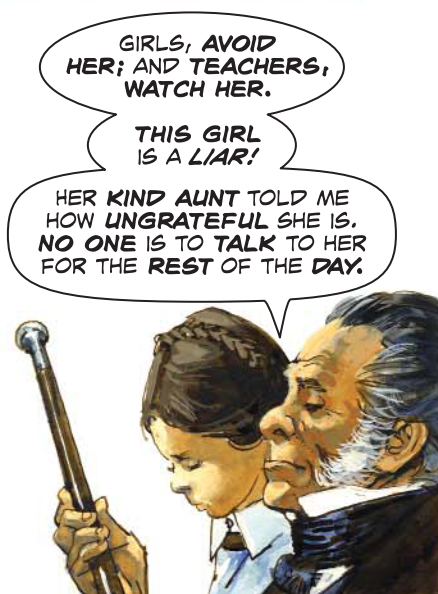
...AND WHO LET THEM
HAVE BREAD AND CHEESE
FOR LUNCH?



I DID, SIR.
THEIR BREAKFAST
WAS HORRIBLE; I
DIDN'T WANT THEM TO
GO HUNGRY UNTIL
DINNER.







~ CHAPTER VIII ~

SCHOOL WAS
DISMISSED, AND I
COLLAPSED IN A
CORNER AND CRIED.

COME
AND EAT.

HELEN, WHY
ARE YOU FRIENDS
WITH ME WHEN
EVERYBODY THINKS
I'M A LIAR?

NOT
EVERYBODY,
JANE.

EVERYONE
I KNOW
HATES ME.

NO ONE
HATES YOU.

I'D RATHER DIE
THAN BE UNLOVED AND
ALONE, HELEN.

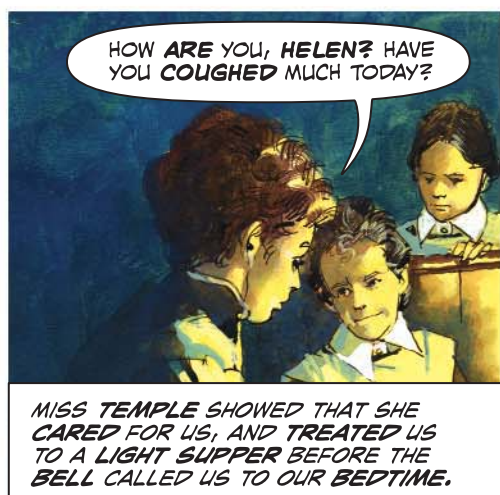
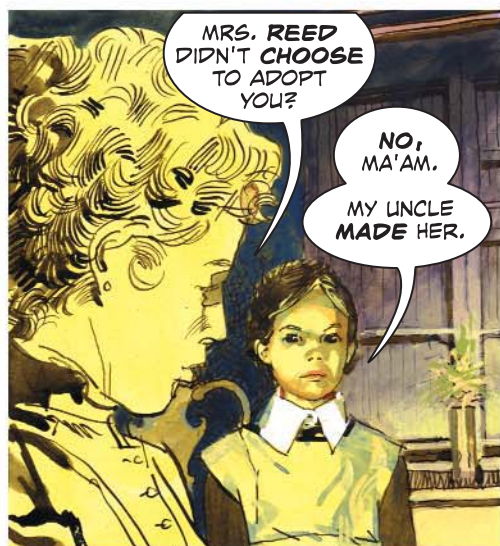
YOU CARE ABOUT HUMAN
LOVE TOO MUCH. BEYOND THIS
WORLD THERE'S A KINGDOM OF
SPIRITS, WITH ANGELS THAT
CARE FOR US.

≡ COUGH ≡

COME TO
MY ROOM, JANE.
HELEN MAY COME
TOO.

WE SHALL FORM OUR
OWN OPINIONS OF YOU, MY CHILD.
WHO IS MRS. REED?

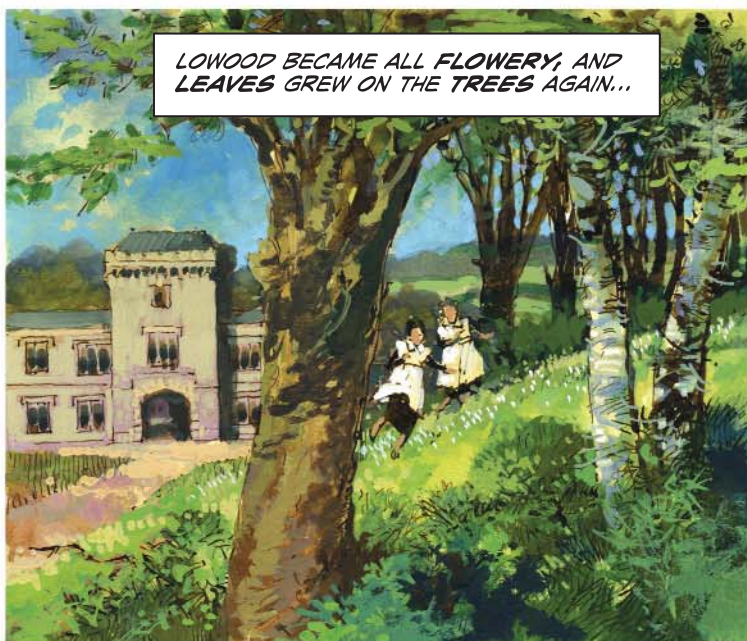
MY UNCLE'S
WIFE. HE DIED AND
LEFT ME WITH HER.



~ CHAPTER IX ~

WHEN SPRING CAME,
LIFE AT LOWOOD
GOT EASIER.

MY FEET,
MADE SORE
BY THE COLD,
BEGAN TO HEAL.





...BUT FOG SURROUNDED LOWOOD. THE FOG BROUGHT DISEASE, AND FORTY-FIVE OF THE EIGHTY GIRLS CAUGHT TYPHUS.



CLASSES WERE BROKEN UP. MISS TEMPLE ATTENDED TO THE PATIENTS.



MANY GIRLS WENT HOME TO DIE; OTHERS DIED AT SCHOOL, AND WERE QUICKLY BURIED.

INVESTIGATIONS WERE MADE...

COLDS AND HUNGER HAVE MADE THEM PRONE TO INFECTION.

NOT TO MENTION THEIR THIN CLOTHES AND TERRIBLE HOUSING.

AND THE ROTTEN WATER IN THE COOKING POTS.

WERE THEY EVER FED, MR. BROCKLEHURST?

I DIDN'T SEE HELEN FOR WEEKS. FINALLY, HER NURSE TOLD ME SHE WAS IN MISS TEMPLE'S ROOM, AND WAS SO ILL THAT I COULDN'T VISIT HER. LATE ONE NIGHT I CREEPT INTO HER ROOM.



HELEN, ARE YOU AWAKE?

